St. JAMES's STREET,

A POEM,

IN BLANK VERSE.

BY

MARMADUKE MILTON, Esq.

AVIA PIERIDUM PERAGRO LOCA.

LUCRET.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY; AND E. HARLOW, ST. JAMES's STREET.

M.DCC.XC.

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ARGUMENT.

SUBJECT proposed. Invocation of the MUSE. *The Pretences of other parts of the Town to Poetic Celebration rebuked. The Claims of the* SQUARES *enumerated, and rejected. Apology for the feeble powers of the* POET, *and conciliatory Address to the Reader.*—SPRING, *with the arrival of the Country Families in* LONDON. *The Town particularly full at that Season, and* ST. JAMES'S STREET *the gayest and most crowded part of it.—The Tranquillity of the Morning, in this part of the Town, when Persons of Fashion are just going to bed. The accidental Noises that disturb their rest are noticed;—particularly the* CHIMNEY SWEEPERS WITH THEIR GARLANDS *at the beginning of May, and the People who cry* MACKAREL *all the Spring.*——NOON—*the Morning of these Regions. Horses leading up and down the Street. The Man of Fashion takes his Morning Ride.——The Scene enlivens. The Drawing Room begins.* FINE MEN *going to Court. St. James's Palace formerly an Hospital. Reflections thereon!* FINE LADIES *going to Court. Remarks on the modern Dress of Fine*

Ladies

ARGUMENT.

Ladies.——The Plot thickens. The PHAETONTIC *Exhibition commences. Male and Female* CHARIOTEERS. *The* VIS-A-VIS *Parade. The full Tide of Loungers. The* FLORA OF ST. JAMES'S STREET.——*The Crowd decreaſes. Faſhionable People going to Dinner. A ſhort Ceſſation of the Noiſe and Hurry of the Street, compared to a Calm preceding a Storm. —The Buſtle of the Evening begins. Men of Faſhion reſort to* BOODLE'S, BROOKES'S, *and* WHITE'S.——*The* NOON OF NIGHT.—*The Poet, unequal to the Celebration of it, reſigns his Pen.*

St. JAMES's STREET.

PRIDE of AUGUSTA's wide-extended town,
Thy Street, ST. JAMES, I ſing.—Celeſtial Muſe!
Inſpire the ſong, and prompt the tuneful ſtrain
In numbers not unſuited to the theme.

Thy Street, ST. JAMES, I ſing.—Ye Allies, Lanes,
Ye Paſſages, ye Courts, ye Rows retire!
"*Hide your diminiſh'd heads*" ye other Streets!
Ye Places all *give place!*—ev'n thou that claim'ſt

Protection from the honor'd name of him,
Whoſe virtues Calumny itſelf reſpects
In reverence mute!—And you, illuſtrious Squares
Of high renown, who nobleſt titles bear
Of Grosv'nor, Berkley, Bedford, Cavendish,
Or of Elect'ral Hanover——ev'n thou,
That wou'dſt, I ween, participate the meed
Of tuneful Eulogy, becauſe 'tis thine
To pride thee in the ſainted name of him
To whom my theme is ſacred——hence away!
I heed you not, tho' many a Princely Form
Within your Palliſado-bounded Liſts
Beſtrides his Charger, and, with Truncheon firm,
Looks fierce defiance on each miſcreant foe
Of Britain's weal;—tho' ſome of you demand
Reſpect, becauſe a Virgin Naiad guards,

In central reſervoir, a grateful ſtore
Of limpid treaſure;—others, that you boaſt
Your winding walks, along whoſe margin green
The Lilac and Laburnum hang to view
Their rival bloſſoms.——Well, indeed, I know
That your proud Domes afford reception meet
For thoſe who to Domeſtic Bliſs retire,
And fly, inglorious, from the buſtling ſcene
'Tis mine to celebrate, where FASHION's Sons
Run in the Ring of Pleaſure, and unite,
Beneath thy ſtandard, Diſſipation, rang'd,
To rout their common Enemy, and ſlay,
That worſt of Fiends, intolerable Time.

The deed is glorious, and the honor'd field,
Proud of its far-fam'd victory, demands

Its due *Eloge*.——O! wou'd, ye Gods, that I
Were gifted with fit pow'rs to pay it well!——
Yet, all I can, I will. In Genius' ſtead
Let Inclination ſtand!—The earneſt heart
Shall ſomewhat for the barren head atone.
Altho' not duly ſkill'd in tuneful ſtrains
To celebrate my argument, yet ſtill
I chant it CON AMORE.—O receive
With correſpondent ſympathy the lay!

When now the Sun has left the fleecy RAM,
And in the luſty BULL his courſe begun,
Straight to AUGUSTA's turret-crowned Town,
In frequent crouds, Britannia's ſportive Sons,
Intent on pleaſure, haſte; for now no more
The Partridge they aſſail, or point their guns

At painted Pheaſants; now no more purſue
Thro' circling mazes wide the timid Hare,
Or from his covert urge the wily Fox,
In juſt revenge for many a murder dire
At ſilent hour of night committed.——Now
The jovial Winter's briſk campaign is clos'd,
And, while his hunters crop the vernal herb,
To purge their blood with heating oats inflam'd,
And renovate their ſtrain'd and toil-worn limbs,
Each vacant 'Squire tow'rds London bends his courſe,
To mix in ſcenes of faſhionable life.
So wills his Wife, who ſcorns the live-long year
To dwell in rural manſion ſadly pent:
So pray his Daughters, who with many a ſigh
Languiſh for London's ſoul-enliv'ning joys,
Where Faſhion, charming Goddeſs, keeps her court,

And never-ceaſing Pleaſures ſport around.
They come—they come;—and, emulous of them,
Each Rector, benefic'd with Living *fat*,
Each Pluraliſt, and dignified Divine,
Obſequious to their well-bred Spouſe's wiſh,
Speed to the Mart of Pleaſure, and devote
The vernal May to London's gay delights,
Leaving their Churches to their Curates' care,
Who doubly toil, and preach as well as pray.

The vacant Country mourns. The Capital
Meantime rejoices, and, with conſcious pride,
Defies us to produce a ſcene ſo gay
As that ſhe offers to our charmed view.——
Of all that various, buſy, glitt'ring ſcene
The Cream I ſkim—the Quinteſſence I draw,

And

And chant, thrice-hallow'd JAMES, thy Street renown'd,
The favor'd region of her choice delights.
—But how to chant thee beſt?—Throughout the day
Thy varying aſpect let the Muſe record!

At early dawn, I hail thee as the ſeat
Of gentle ſlumbers and of balmy reſt,
Of calm tranquillity which naught diſturbs,
Save when the three-hors'd ſtage or lumb'ring cart
Rolls o'er thy ſteepy ſtones in rumblings rude,
Curs'd by LORENZO, who, his head fatigued
With rattling Dice and Pharo's nightly toil,
Has on his pillow juſt repos'd, and ſeeks,
In dreams of better fortune, to conſole
The FATAL RUN of the preceding night.——
Ye Stages, and ye Carts, diſturb him not!

Let

Let him awhile enjoy the flatt'ring dream,
And graſp, in fancy, many a rich *Rouleau*.
A few ſhort hours may paſs; but ſoon he'll wake
To ſad realities:—for, if the morn
Announce the opening fair of vernal May,
The ſable Scaler of his chimney's height,
With all his troop, in motley dreſs array'd
And buſhy Perukes, once the outward ſign
Of ſolemn Science, tho' of late diſdain'd,
Save by the Legal Sage, of Pomp ſtill fond,
Shall underneath his window deftly foot
The Moreſque gay; and with the patt'ring Bruſh
To Shovel, rival of the ſounding Shell,
Harmoniouſly applied, elicit ſounds
That bid the drowſy God immediate fly
His willing Votaries; or elſe the ſong

Of

Of MACKAREL RARE, ſcream'd out by ceaſeleſs lungs,
That thro' the jocund Spring no Sabbath know,
Shall rouſe him to Reflection's joyleſs taſk.

Why, good ST. JAMES, not baniſh from thy realms
Theſe ſons of Clamour, theſe invet'rate foes
Of balmy reſt, that they, who all-night-long
Within thy precincts ſleepleſs celebrate
Rites of high import, with returning light
May taſte the bliſs of undiſturb'd repoſe?

'Tis now the hour of noon in Vulgar Streets,
While here the faſhionable morning dawns,
And gradually brings on the *Toniſh* day.

——Now, clad in verdant Pluſh and ſable Cap,
With Belt ſuccinct, the ſcientific Groom,

Mounted on aged Crop, in former days
Renown'd for honors in the field atchiev'd,
The *well-bred* Poney, or the *clever* Hack,
Leads forth, and, oft parading up and down,
His Maſter's leiſure waits, the labors due
Of Toilette finiſh'd, and the tedious meal
Of Breakfaſt, o'er th' important page prolong'd
Of MORNING HERALD——He at length comes forth
Collected in his Leathern Breeches tight,
Well-booted, nor devoid of pointed ſpurs
Of length tremendous——needleſsly to goad
His ſteed high-ſpirited, nor ſhort *Ravan*
To beat him o'er the head. Thus duly arm'd,
He mounts and trots impetuous up the ſtreet,
Or gallops furious thro' the *Embarràs*
Of Piccadilly, fill'd with many a Stage,
And tilted Waggon's vaſt unwieldy length,

To take his morning ſaunter in Hyde Park,
And breathe the genial air of Rotten Row.

There let him lounge awhile! For now my Theme,
Glitt'ring in mid-day ſplendor, bids the Muſe
Mark with obſervant eye the various Scene,
And paint it as it paſſes.——Now the Hour
(If chance the Day from him its name derive
To whom our Saxon Anceſtors of yore
Paid ſolemn rites, invoking oft the aid
Of Thor, the Jupiter of Northern Realms)
Summons, the Courtly Train.—The Drawing Room
Awaits its brilliant Circle.——Lo! they come
In rich array and ſolemn pomp bedeck'd,
Well worthy our regard; for rich array
And ſolemn pomp Britannia's Sons, averſe

* See Pennant's London.

To the high formal State of times long paſt,
Diſdain indignant, ſave when Duty bids
Approach the Throne of ALBION.—Then again
They gird them with the glitt'ring Sword of Peace,
The pendent Bag of Sable Silk attach
To their well-powder'd heads, the Ruffle rich
Of coſtly Point or Bruſſels fine aſſume,
In ſilken Coat with gold-embroider'd Veſt
Shine ſplendidly ſuperb, and *Chapeau Bras*,
In *Vis-à-vis* of State, or Chariot gay,
Whirl, conſciouſly erect, to bend the knee
Where now Britannia's Monarch keeps his Court,
Tho' erſt by Charity's benevolent hand
The fabric roſe;——for here, in days of old,
(As * Fame reports) an Hoſpital there ſtood

* See PENNANT's London.

For

For miſerable Lepers.——Never more
May aught corrupt, or foul, admittance find
Within thoſe ſacred walls!—May none but thoſe
Whoſe Patriot boſoms ſwell with pureſt zeal
For Britain's welfare e'er approach its King!—
So ſhall no Fiend with malice fell inſtil
Suſpicion in the generous breaſt of him
Who bears the Sceptre of his Native Iſle,
And reigns triumphant in his people's hearts.—
Be his the bliſs ſupreme to know this truth,
That ſtamps the brighteſt Glory of his Crown!——
An equal meed, Chaſte Partner of his Throne,
Be thine, whom Albion's Daughters ſtill with joy
Approach, aſſur'd of thy propitious ſmile
And kind acceptance of the humble vows
They freely pay to virtues ſuch as thine!——

And ſee! they haſte to pay them.—One by one,
Borne in thoſe Chairs, which, on the winding banks
Of Gallic Maese, thy habitants, Sedan,
Firſt fram'd to bear the well-dreſt Nymph ſecure
From Coach or Chariot-jolt with ruin fraught
To graceful Curls or high-aſpiring Plumes,
E'en now they come. Before them onward march
In Garb of State, with each his lofty Cane,
His fierce-cock'd Hat, and Bouquet blooming bright,
Their powder'd Footmen.—Sometimes at their head,
Index of Rank or Opulence ſupreme,
A ſable Youth from Æthiopia's climes,
In milk-white Turban dight, precedes the Train.—
The Fair herſelf, in narrow compaſs preſs'd,
(While much of outward ornament her Chair
Boaſts, not unconſcious of its Taſſels gay,

Its

Its jetty Varniſh, and gilt Coronets
Which ſhine o' th' top), in poſture comfortleſs
Rides pinion'd, while her Hoop's reverted ſides
With whalebone ſtrong her elbows cramp'd confine.
Her head meantime ſinks down, nor dares aſſume
Its wonted port. The little vehicle
Admits not that the lovely Nymph within
Should ſit erect when to her native Height
She adds three feet of various Ornament,
Forming the baſe of the gay Pyramid
With many a range of Curls, Tier over Tier,
By GALLIA's rich Pomatum's ſweet Cement
Compacted firm, on which GOLCONDA's Gems
Hang forth their blazing luſtre,——while above
The candid Crape (no more a ſign of woe)
The ſilken Gauze or gloſſy Tiffany

Form the *Tiara*, on whoſe dexter ſide
The beauteous Pink or purple Hyacinth,
Egregious MICHELLE, by thy wond'rous art,
Or yours, illuſtrious ROBERT and BOUTAUT,
Form'd emulous of Nature, ſpiral riſe,
And o'er the whole the Raven's gloſſy Plumes
Ypointed ſtand, like Roſtral Crown of yore,
Or thoſe of Oſtrich, wave in wanton pride.

Daughters of Albion! why to charms like yours
Add aught that Art can boaſt?—Wherefore aſſume
This cumb'rous load of needleſs Ornament?
Secure to pleaſe with Beauty's native powers,
Simple and unadorn'd, what wou'd you more?
To Nature truſt! nor ſoil your gloſſy locks
With greaſy lard, tho' nam'd *Pomade*, it boaſts

A ſcent

A ſcent from GALLIA's clime.——Alike diſdain
Diſcolouring Powder, howſoe'er it robs
The Violet of its Sweets, or proudly boaſts
The Spicy Odours of bleſt ARABY!
Give to conſuming fire your Powder Bags,
And all your Puffs,——whether of twiſted Silk,
Or of the delicate Down of Silver Swan!
Diſmiſs, without remorſe, your French *Friſeur*,
And out of window caſt his tort'ring Irons!——
—Scorn all *Coſmetic* Aid, and borrow'd Tints!
Break all your bottles of *Olympian Dew!*
Deſpiſe the *Waſh* from NINON falſely nam'd,
Who charm'd with other Powers!—The *liquid bloom*
Of Roſes ſcorn, and leave PARISIAN *Rouge*
To raddle o'er the cheeks of ſun-burnt Nymphs,
Who fain wou'd emulate your native charms!

 Forgive,

Forgive, ye Fair, that thus the Muſe preſumes
T' obtrude her well-meant counſels on your ear
With fond officiouſneſs, her Theme awhile
Deſerted, which again demands her care:——
For now, high-borne in air, the BRITISH Youths
Adown thy ſtreet, ST. JAMES, with rapid wheels
Urge their exalted Cars thro' gazing crowds.
With ſkill inferior o'er the duſty plain
The Sons of GREECE, ambitious of the meed
Of high renown, their ſounding Chariots drove
Impetuous to the Goal, while PINDAR's Lyre
In Dithyrambic ſtrains the Victor's praiſe
Recording ſang.——And ſhall no tuneful Bard
Reſound your praiſe, ye modern HEROS,
Whom ALBION owns exulting, and record
On Fame's bright roll your deeds of bold Emprize?

In

O! not unſung be your great thirſt of Fame,
Your Toils diſtinguiſh'd, and your well-earn'd Palms,
Ye BRITISH Charioteers!—while mounted high
In well-built Phaetons ſublime, and propp'd
On Cuſhions that o'er-top the winged ſides,
Your highly-ſpirited Courſers, juſtly match'd,
And ſplendidly capariſon'd, you guide,
With ſkill unrivall'd, thro' the crowded ſtreets
Of Britain's great Commercial Capital:——
For much of ſkill is wanting to pervade
The various obſtacles that preſs around,
Whether the frequent Hackney Coach oppoſe
Your progreſs, or the Coal-Cart's ſable bulk,
Or Brewer's Dray, loaded with many a Butt
Of Porter, Beverage of free-born Men,
Obſtruct your courſe.—Nor ſhall the Muſe with-hold

The praiſe of him, who, ſtill more fond of Fame,
With *four in hand* urges his rapid Car
Fearleſsly reſolute, and graceful throws
The lengthen'd Thong, his *Leaders* to chaſtiſe,
If headſtrong and impetuous they diſdain
To yield obedience to his guiding hand.——
But who ſhall dare attempt to celebrate
The Youth who *ſits behind* SIX HIGH-BRED GREYS
With conſcious pride of Eminence elate,
Looking contempt on humbler Charioteers,
Great as young AMMON, who, the world ſubdu'd,
With groveling earth-born mortals ſcorn'd to rank,
And claim'd the Honors of Divinity?
——Such are your Deeds, ye Heroes of the Thong,
The Pride and Glory of your Native Iſle,
Nor leſs the Admiration and Delight

Of my much honor'd Theme, which frequent joys
To mark the ſplendor of your gay Career.

Nor yet to Britain's Sons robuſt alone
Are theſe great Feats confin'd.—Her Daughters fair
(Scorning in aught to be outdone) of late
Uſurp the Whip and boldly graſp the Reins.——
See with ſquar'd Elbows, and protuded Foot,
Firmly they ſit, and curb their fiery Steeds
With manly fortitude! Nor want they ſounds
Of wond'rous potency at ſeaſons fit
To cheer them, or aſſiſt the guiding rein,
Pointing their dexter or ſiniſter courſe
With many a *Voit*, or indicant *Jehu*,
Utter'd intelligent.——Such matchleſs ſkill
In rural ſcenes ſequeſter'd to diſplay

Were

Were idleſt Folly:——hence our gen'rous Fair
Kindly their wonted modeſty repreſs,
Reject their native Delicacy, once
Of Female Character the boaſted pride,
And with unbluſhing confidence aſcend,
In Box-Coat wrapp'd, with Cape high-piled on Cape,
Their lofty Cars, and rattling fierce along
Set all St. James's crowded ſtreet agape——
For now my Theme is crowded, and the Scene
Wears in its Meridian Splendor's brighteſt Blaze.

Now, whereſoe'er the Day's preceding part
Has led the Sons of Pleaſure, who compoſe
The World of Faſhion, here again they meet
And take one general Lounge, until the Hour
Of Dreſs recals them to the Toilette's cares.——

Now

Now too the lovely Fair, who ſtill preſerve
The female ſoftneſs that adorns their ſex,
Who ſcorn the Athletic toils of Man robuſt
To imitate, and neither *hunt*, nor *drive*,
Nor yet *ſhoot flying*, emulous of Fame,
Seated in highly-varniſh'd Vis-a-Vis
Superbly painted, with ſilk Cuſhions lin'd,
Come beauteous forth, in all their radiant charms,
And join the ſplendor of the gay Parade.——
Now from Hyde Park th' Equeſtrian Heroes back
Return, and, from their Steeds diſmounting, join
The youths unbooted, who, in Stockings ſtrip'd,
And String-tied Slippers neat, ſtroll up and down
With faſhionable Air of Unconcern,
And vacant ſtare, aſſum'd to mark contempt
Of all the paſſing crowd.——Ye Britiſh Youths,

Diſgrace

Diſgrace not thus your Characters!—Beware
Of Affectation—'Tis the certain Bane
Of ev'ry brighter Virtue.——Scorn alike
Low-born Contempt, Offspring of Vulgar Minds!
Be Courteous! Be Liberal!—Nor taint
Your native Goodneſs with misjudging Pride!
Turn——turn your eyes on Him, your Country's Hope,
Whoſe unaffected Manners all applaud
With heart-felt admiration.——See he comes,
Diffuſing joy on all the Scene around!
With ſweet Good-nature, with engaging Baſe,
And courteous Affability he charms!
Nor inattentive nor regardleſs He
Ev'n of the meaneſt of the circling throng,
Who greet him with their Tribute of Reſpect,
But ſtill with looks benign and kindly nod

Repays

Repays each trivial mark of Reverence,
Winning the praiſe and bleſſing of each heart.

Still the full Tide of Loungers rolls along
Its wavy ſtream.——I' th' midſt diſtinguiſh'd ſhine
The Sons of War, glitt'ring in Scarlet Pride
Richly belac'd, nor wanting Hats fierce-cock'd,
With Plumes erect, ſnow-white, or ſanguine red,
Or heavenly azure, graſping in their hands
Their faithful ſwords, with which they joy to guard
The Father of his People.——Sable-clad,
The Rev'rend Tribe alike theſe regions ſeek,
Not, as in days of yore, with Grizzle wigs
Of ſize portentous, and with Beavers vaſt
O'erſhadowing, girt with intertwiſted Snakes
Of ſable ſilk uniting in a roſe,

But *ſnug* with circling curl, and Hat deep-crown'd,
Of narrow brim rotund, and Neckcloths full
Beneath their chins in Faſhion's ampleſt knot
Collected taſteful; for the high beheſts
Of Taſte the dapper Prieſt of modern times
With reverent awe regards, and ſtill obeys.

Amidſt the fluctuating crowd I note,
In all the comelier grace of *embonpoint*,
A Female Form ſtill moving here and there,
And to each gallant Youth or beauteous Maid
Herſelf addreſſing with reſiſtleſs ſmile.
Upon her arm a Baſket neat ſhe bears,
Fill'd with the new-blown Treaſures of the Spring,
Which blended fragrant, and in Bouquets form'd
Artfully gay, ſhe proffers to regale

The

The faireſt of our ſenſes.——Gentle Nymph!
'Tis kindly done to glean each od'rous flower,
The Garden's early pride, and here to bring
Thy Harveſt of its Sweets.——In elder days
Old Rome had ſure repaid thy generous toil,
And, while ſhe rear'd the Votive Pile to thee,
Had hail'd thee Goddeſs fair of blooming Flowers,
And nam'd thee Flora, Daughter of the Spring.—
Emulous of her, the Muſe ev'n now aſpires
To pay the humble tribute of her praiſe;
And, while ſhe chants her Panegyric ſtrain,
Diſdains Proſaic numbers, only fit
For quaint deſcription, and on bolder wing
Launches at once into the Lyric lay.

Nymph! to thee the Muſe would pay
The tribute of her grateful lay,
That thou from Heav'n has ventur'd down
To tread the *Pavè* of this favor'd Town,
And here haſt deign'd to fix thy ſeat,
The FLORA of ST. JAMES's STREET.

Sublime I ſee thee glide along
Superior to the earth-born throng;
Graceful thou winn'ſt thy eaſy way,
Thy ſteps a Nymph Divine betray:
Clad in Silk Stockings, and in Slippers neat,
Thou ſhin'ſt the FLORA of ST. JAMES's STREET.

At Boodle's Door 'tis thine to ſtand,
Thy well-ſtor'd baſket in thy hand,
From whence each lovelier bud that blows
Thou cull'ſt, to charm the ent'ring *Beaux*,
Who, as they paſs, thy praiſe repeat,
And hail thee Flora of St. James's Street.

Proceed, then, Goddeſs kind and fair,
To charm us with thy graceful air,
Nor fail each ſmiling morn to bring
The opening treaſures of the Spring;
From thee we wait her Aromatic treat——
From thee, the Flora of St. James's Street.

'Tis

'Tis thine to bid each flower combine:——
The charming pink and ſimple Jeſſamine,
The fair Jonquille, whoſe ſweets perfume the gale,
The Lily, tenantof the humble vale,
At thy command in fair aſſemblage meet;
So wills the FLORA of ST. JAMES's STREET.

To thee each Hot-houſe brings its earlieſt Roſe;
For thee Geraniums crimſon flowers diſcloſe;—
For thee Carnations charm each raptur'd ſenſe,
And Orange bloſſoms Odors rich diſpenſe,
Pleas'd to unite in Bouquets lovely ſweet
Form'd by the FLORA of ST. JAMES's STREET.

On us theſe gifts O! long beſtow!
Long may ST. JAMES thy bleſſings know!
May naught induce thee yet to fly
(As erſt Aſtræa) to thy native ſky!
Thy preſence here we ſtill intreat——
Be ſtill the FLORA of ST. JAMES's STREET!

The Muſe, thy favours to repay,
To thee ſhall conſecrate the lay,
And, while ſhe ſtrives thy Praiſe to ſing,
Shall ſoar on unaccuſtom'd wing,
In LYRIC numbers pleas'd to greet
The FLORA of ST. JAMES's STREET.

Now

Now in the Weſt the ampler Orb of Day
His courſe declines.——The faſhionable Hour
Summons to Dinner, and the frequent Coach
Drives furious, fearful leſt the well-ſkill'd Cook
Pour execrations dire on tardy Gueſts.
At length they come; and now the board is ſpread
With ev'ry rarer delicacy fit
To rouſe the languid appetite, and pleaſe
The *Gourmand* Sage who ſcientific eats,
And oft at intervals his Taſte diſplays,
Haranguing much on *Culinary* Arts,
On Sauces rich, and Eſſences ſupreme.——
Nor leſs, while round is borne the gay CHAMPAGNE,
Or BURGUNDY by nicer palates priz'd,
Diſſerts he on the merits rare of Wines
Of the *firſt growth*.——Diſcourſe on ſuch high points,

To

To all material, due attention claims.——
The Dinner Hour by Faſhion's Sons is held
Not unimportant.——He from Noon to Eve
Who ſaunters never-ceaſing, much requires
The due refreſhment of the *well-ſerv'd* Meal,
Nor wants he leſs the kind heart-cheering aid
Of gayly-circling Bacchus, to recruit
His languid Spirits with its cordial power,
And make him fit for the remaining part
Of Diſſipation's yet but half-ſpent Day.

Awhile the Scene's ſonorous Whirl ſubſides,
And in its ſtead a tranſient Calm ſucceeds.—
But ſhort thy reign, Tranquillity! and, like
The awful ſtillneſs which full oft precedes

The horror of the loud-resounding Storm,
The temporary quiet only serves
As Prelude to the Bustle of the Night.

'Tis now the hour when sober Citizens,
Sunk in the ignorance of Vulgar life,
Betake them to their Beds, supposing Night
Design'd by Nature as the season fit
Of rest and healthful sleep.——In days of yore
Thus liv'd our Ancestors, a race uncouth;
Void of that Scavoir Vivre which our times,
Refin'd, derive from Fashion and High Ton.
Then, at the hour when in the longest day
The Sun approaches to the Western Wave,
A solemn Bell (so the fierce Norman will'd)

Denounc'd the gen'ral hour of reſt, and bade
(Their fires cloſe-cover'd, and their lights extinct),
Each peaceful Subject to his Bed repair.——
Thoſe times indeed are long, long paſt, and now
The Curfew's ſound may better ſerve, I ween,
In faſhionable manſions, to announce
The hour of Dinner.——Thus with rolling years
Do Times and Manners change;—and hence my Theme
At Noon of Night its brighteſt Splendor boaſts.

——:

Ev'n now the ſolemn, myſtic Rites begin
Nocturnal.——Duly theſe to celebrate,
With pomp convenient, ſtately Temples riſe,
With ev'ry ſplendid decoration gay,
Beneath thy fav'ring auſpices, St. James!—

Above the reſt THREE riſe pre-eminent,
With vaulted domes, and boaſt the well-known names
Of BOODLE, BROOKES, and WHITE, who kindly bid
Theſe ſpacious fanes their willing gates unfold
To choſen worſhippers, who all night long
Hither reſort in never-ceaſing crowds,
And, pleas'd their votive offerings to make,
Beſide the altars take their pious ſtand
With zealot perſeverance, nor retire
'Till roſy morn proclaim returning day:——
Nay ſometimes, wrapt in holy reverence,
They ſtart not "*at the Crowing of the Cock,*"
Nor bluſh to * *borrow part of Day itſelf*
For their protracted Rites,——which thou, perhaps,

* Partem ſolidæ demere de die. HOR.

READER

READER BENIGN, may'ſt now expect the Muſe
Shou'd fully to thy curious ear reveal.

—Ah me!—Thou little know'ſt how hard the Taſk
To ſing in numbers due thoſe ſolemn Rites
Myſterious, which demand the ampleſt powers
Of POESY DESCRIPTIVE, and require
The joint aſſiſtance of the tuneful Nine;——
If not of Phœbus' ſelf.————

———— How then ſhall he,
Who rarely dares invoke a ſingle Muſe
To ſmile propitious on his caſual lays,
And trembles at a Critics very name,
Eſſay to ſing the SCENE INEFFABLE?

——Already

—— Already on thy Courteſy too far
Has he preſum'd.——No more th' incondite ſong
He on thy ear obtrudes; but, grateful much
For all thy Patience paſt, reſigns his Pen.

FINIS.